

The Critic

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Authors at Home.* XVI.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND IN PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON.

To describe the home of a homeless man is not over easy. For the last sixteen or eighteen years, Mr. Leland has been as great a wanderer as the Gypsies of whom he loves to write. During this time he has pitched his tent, so to speak, in many parts of America and Europe and even of the East. He has gone from town to town and from country to country, staying here a month and there a year, and again in some places, as in London and Philadelphia, he has remained several years. But, as he himself graphically says, it is long since he has not had trunks in his bedroom.

However if to possess a house is to have a home, then Mr. Leland must not be said to be homeless. He owns a three-storied, white-and-green-shuttered, red brick house with marble steps, of that conventional type which is so peculiarly a feature of Philadelphia, his native town. It is in Locust Street above Fifteenth—one of the eminently respectable and convenient neighborhoods for which Philadelphia is famous, with St. Mark's Church near at hand and a public-school not far off. But besides this respectability which Philadelphians in general hold so dear, Locust Street boasts of another advantage of far more importance to Mr. Leland in particular. Just here it is without the horse-car track which stretches from one end to the other of almost all Philadelphia streets, and hence it is a pleasant, quiet quarter for a literary man. Here Mr. Leland lived for just six months, surrounded by all sorts of quaint ornaments and oddities (though it was then years before the mania for bric-à-brac had set in), and by his books, these including numbers of rare and racy volumes from which he has borrowed so many of the quotations which give an Old-World color and piquancy to his writings. It was while he was living in his Locust Street home that his health broke down. His illness was the result of long, almost uninterrupted newspaper work. He had worked on the *Bulletin* and on New York and Boston papers, and he had edited *Vanity Fair*, *The Continental Monthly*, *Graham's Magazine* and *Forney's Press*. In addition to this regular work, he had found time to translate Heine, to write his 'Sunshine in Thought,' his 'Meister Karl's Sketch-Book' and his 'Breitmann Ballads,' which had made him known throughout the English-speaking world as one of the first living English humorists. But now he was obliged to give up all literary employments, and, having inherited an independent fortune from his father, he was able to shut up his house and go on a pleasure-trip to Europe, where he began the wanderings which have not yet ceased.

Nowadays, therefore, one might well ask, Where is his

home?—in a Philadelphia hotel or lodgings, or at the Langham, in London—in a Gypsy tent, or in an Indian wigwam?—on the road or in the town? But, *ubi bene, ibi patria*; where a man is happy, there is his country, and his home too for that matter; and Mr. Leland, if he has his work, is happy in all places and at all times; and furthermore, ever since his health was re-established, he has found, or made, work wherever he has been. He is a man who is never idle for a minute, and he counts as the best and most important work of his life that which has occupied him during the last few years. Consequently, paradoxical as it may sound, even in his wanderings he has always been at home. During the eleven years he remained abroad he lived in so many different places it would be impossible to enumerate them all. He spent a winter in Russia, another in Egypt; he summered on the Continent and in the pretty villages or gay seashore towns of England. At times his principal headquarters were in London, now at the Langham and now at Park Square. It was at this latter residence that he gave Saturday evening receptions at which one was sure to meet the most eminent men and women of the literary and artistic world of London, and which will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure to be bidden to them. The first part of his last book about the Gypsies is a pleasant, but still imperfect, guide to his wanderings of this period. There, in one paper, we find him spending charming evenings with the fair Russian Gypsies in St. Petersburg; in another, giving greeting to the Hungarian Romanies who played their wild *csardas* at the Paris Exposition. Or we can follow his peaceful strolls through the English meadows and lanes near Oatlands Park, or his adventures with his not over-respectable but very attractive friends at the Hampton Races. One Gypsy episode carries him to Aberistrogth, a second to Brighton, a third to London streets or his London study. Thus he tells the tale, as no one else could, of his life on the road.

In December 1878 he returned to Philadelphia, where he established himself in large and pleasant rooms in Broad Street, not knowing how long he might stay in America, and unwilling, because of this uncertainty, to settle down in his own house. He lived there, however, for four years and a half, travelling but little save in the summer, when, to escape from the burning brick-oven which Philadelphia becomes at that season, he fled to Rye Beach or to the White Mountains, to Mount Desert or to far Campobello, in New Brunswick, where in the tents almost hidden by the sweet pine woods he listened to the Algonkin legends which he published in book form little more than a year ago. The house in which he made his home for the time being is a large red brick mansion on the west side of Broad Street, between Locust and Walnut Streets. His apartments were on the ground floor, and the table at which he worked, writing his Indian book or making the designs for the series of art manuals he was then editing, was drawn close to one of the windows looking out upon the street. There, between the hours of nine and one in the morning he was usually to be found. From the street one could in passing catch a glimpse of the fine strong head which so many artists have cared to draw, and which Le Gros has etched; of the long grey beard, and of the brown velvet coat—not that famous coat to which Mr. Leland bade so tender a farewell in his Gypsy book, but another, already endeared to him by many a lively recollection of Gypsy camps and country fairs. Here there was little quiet to be had. Broad Street is at all times noisy, and it is moreover the favorite route for all the processions, military or political, by torchlight or by daylight, that ever rejoice the hearts of Philadelphia's children. It is a haunt too of pitiless organ-grinders and importunate beggars. Well I remember the wretched woman who set up her stand and her tuneless organ but a few steps beyond Mr. Leland's window, grinding there day after day, indifferent to expostulations and threats, until at last the civil authorities had to be appealed

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to. For how much unwritten humor, for how many undrawn designs, she is responsible, who can say? But then, on the other hand, the window had its advantages. Stray Gypsies could not pass unseen, and from it friendly tinkers could be easily summoned within. But for this post of observation I doubt if Owen Macdonald, the tinker, would have paid so many visits to Mr. Leland's rooms, and hence if he would have proved so valuable an assistant in the preparation of the dictionary of *shelta*, or tinker's talk, a Celtic language just discovered by Mr. Leland. 'Pat' (or Owen) was a genuine tinker and 'no tinker was ever yet astonished at anything.' He never made remarks about the room into which he was invited, but I often wondered what he thought of it, with its piles of books and drawings and papers, its walls covered with grotesquely decorated plaques and strange musical instruments from a lute of Mr. Leland's own fashioning to a Chinese mandolin, its mantleself and low bookcases crowded with Chinese and Hindu deities, Venetian glass, Etruscan vases, Indian birch-bark boxes, and Philadelphian pottery of striking form and ornament. It had been but an ordinary though large parlor when Mr. Leland first moved into it, but he soon gave it a character all its own, surrounding himself with a few of his pet household gods, the others with his books being packed away in London and Philadelphia warehouses waiting the day when he will collect them together and set them up in a permanent home.

The reason Mr. Leland remained so long in the Broad Street house was because he was interested in a good work which detained him year after year in Philadelphia. While abroad he had seen and studied many things besides Gypsies, and he had come home with new ideas on the subject of education to which he immediately endeavored to give active expression. His theory was that industrial pursuits could be made a part of all children's education, and that they must be comparatively easy. The necessity of introducing some sort of hand-work into public school education had long been felt by the Philadelphia School Board, and indeed by many others throughout the country. It had been proved that to teach trades was an impossibility. It remained for Mr. Leland to suggest that the principles of industrial or decorative art could be readily learned by even very young children at the same time that they pursued their regular studies. He laid his scheme before the school directors and they, be it said to their credit, furnished him with ample means for the necessary experiment. This was so successful that before the end of the first year the number of children sent to him increased from a mere handful to one hundred and fifty. Before he left America there were more than three hundred attending his classes. It is true that Pestalozzi and Fröbel had already arrived at the same theory of education. But, as Carl Werner has said, Mr. Leland was the first person in Europe or America who seriously demonstrated and proved it by practical experiment.

These classes were held at the Hollingsworth schoolhouse in Locust Street above Broad, but a few steps from where he lived. It is simply impossible not to say a few words here about it, since Mr. Leland was as much at home in the schoolhouse as in his own rooms. Four afternoons every week were spent there. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he himself gave lessons in design to the school children, going from one to the other with an interest and an attention not common even among professional masters. When, after the rounds were made, there were a few minutes to spare—which did not often happen—he went into the next room, where other children were busy under teachers, working out their own designs in wood or clay or leather. I think in many of the grotesques that were turned out from that modelling table, in the frogs and the serpents and sea-monsters twining about vases, and the lizards serving as handles to jars, Mr. Leland's influence could be easily recognized. On Saturdays he was again there, superintending a smaller class of *repointé* workers. In England he had dis-

covered what could really be done by cold hammering brass on wood, and in America he popularized this discovery. When he first began to teach the children, this sort of work being as yet but little known, I remember there was one boy, rather more careless but more businesslike than his fellow hammerers, who during his summer holidays made over two hundred and eighteen dollars by beating out on plaque after plaque a few designs (one an Arabic inscription), which he had borrowed from Mr. Leland. But after the children's class was enlarged and a class was started at the Ladies' Decorative Art Club established by Mr. Leland, work had to be more careful and original to be profitable. On Mondays the Decorative Art Club engaged Mr. Leland's time, many of its members meeting to learn design in the Hollingsworth schoolrooms, which were larger and better lighted than those in their clubhouse. This Club, which in its second year had no less than two hundred members, also owes its existence entirely to Mr. Leland, who is still its President. When it is remembered that both in the school and in the club he worked from pure motives of interest in his theory and its practical results, and with no other object in view but its ultimate success, the extent of his earnestness and zeal may be measured.

It may be easily understood that this work together with his literary occupations left him little time for recreation. But still there were leisure hours; and in the fresh spring-time it was his favorite amusement to wander from the city to the reservoir with its pretty adjoining wood beyond Camden, or to certain other well-known, shady, flowery Gyseries in West Philadelphia or far out Broad Street, where he knew a friendly 'Safshan?' ('How are you?') would be waiting for him. Or else on cold winter days, when sensible Romanians had taken flight to the south or were living in houses, he liked nothing better than to stroll through the streets, looking in at shop-windows; exchanging a few words in their vernacular with the smiling Italians selling chestnuts and fruit at street-corners, or stray Slavonian dealers—Slovak or Croat—in mouse- and rat-traps, or with other 'interesting varieties of vagabonds'; stopping in bric-à-brac shops and meeting their German-Jew owners with a brotherly '*Sholem aleichem!*' and bargaining with unmistakable familiarity with the ways of the trade; or else perhaps ordering tools and materials, buying brass and leather for his classes. Indeed he was scarcely less constant to Chestnut Street than Walt Whitman or Mr. Boker. But while Walt Whitman in his daily walks seldom went above Tenth Street, Mr. Leland seldom went below it, turning there to go to the Mercantile Library, which he visited quite as often as the Philadelphia Library, of which he has long been a shareholder; while Mr. Boker seemed to belong more particularly to the neighborhood of Thirteenth or Broad Street, where he was near the Union League and the Philadelphia Club. Almost everybody must have known by sight these three men, all so striking in personal appearance. Mr. Leland rarely went out in the evenings. Then he rested and was happy in his large easy chair, with his cigar and his book. There never was such an insatiable reader, not even excepting Macaulay. It was then, and is still, his invariable custom to begin a book immediately after dinner and finish it before going to bed, never missing a line; and he reads everything, from old black-letter books to the latest volume of travels or trash, from Gaboriau's most sensational novel to the most abstruse philosophical treatise. His reading is as varied as his knowledge.

I have thus dwelt particularly on his life in Philadelphia, because during the four and a half years he spent there—a long period for him to give to any one place—he had time to fall into regular habits, and to lead what may be called a home life; and also because his way of living since he has been back in England has changed but slightly. He now has his headquarters at the Langham, as he had years ago, though during the summer months last year he wandered in Normandy and Brittany, and his autumn was passed in

Brighton. He still devotes his mornings to literary work and many of his afternoons to teaching decorative art. He is one of the Directors of the Home Arts Society, which but for him would never have been; Mrs. Jebb, one of its most zealous upholders, having modelled the classes which led to its organization wholly upon his system of instruction, and in coöperation with him. The Society has its chief office in the Langham chambers, close to the hotel; there Mr. Leland teaches and works just as he did in the Hollingsworth schoolrooms. Lord Brownlow is the President of this association, Lady Brownlow, his wife, taking an active interest in it, and Mr. Walter Besant is the Treasurer. Mr. Leland is also the father or founder of the famous Rabelais Club, in which the chair was generally taken by the late Lord Houghton. For amusement Leland now has all London, of which he is as true a lover as either Charles Lamb or Leigh Hunt was of old; and for reading purposes he has the British Museum and Mudie's at his disposal: so in these respects it must be admitted he is better off than he was in Philadelphia. He knows, too, all the near and far Gypsy haunts by English wood and wold, and he is certain he will be heartily welcomed to the Derby or to any country fair. But he has many friends and admirers in England outside of select Gypsy circles. Unfortunately he has lost the two friends with whom he was once most intimate, Prof. E. H. Palmer, the Arabic scholar, having been killed by the Arabs, and Mr. Trübner, the publisher, having died while Mr. Leland was in America. Of his other numerous English acquaintances, he is most frequently with Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist, and Mr. Walter Pollock, the editor of *The Saturday Review*, for whom he occasionally writes a criticism or a special paper. However, despite the many inducements that can be offered him, he goes seldom into society. He prefers to give all his energies to the writing by which he amuses so many readers, and to his good work in the cause of education.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Reviews

Mr. Howells's Poems.*

Two moods prevail in the verses which Mr. William D. Howells reprints in his handsome volume of Poems. Both have been widely prevalent in America for some twenty years past, and both have an outlook in the direction of realism, though without the least hint that realism must necessarily exclude even a somewhat vague and indefinable sentiment. At the bottom of one of these moods is Heine. Arthur Hugh Clough was perhaps the best representative of the other—better than Longfellow. Mr. Howells's hexameters lead up more or less closely to Clough's 'Amours de Voyage.' The ballads and many shorter poems, without imitating Heine's songs, follow them in tone, mood, and development, dropping, however, the spice of wickedness which drove Heine to Paris, and which would dislodge an imitator from Beacon Street. It used to seem to us that the beauty in Heine was a charm nearly inseparable from the wickedness, that the whole sweetness was un-Puritanic; but one soon learns that Heine's art can be studied for itself; that, while his touches of genius were his own and irrecoverable, some of his processes—his simplicity, his naturalness, his suggestiveness, his reticence—are points for study. They certainly commend themselves to any writer who would impress his reader quickly.

A constant charm in these ballads and verses of Howells's is that they are youthful and frank—not necessarily expressing the writer's experience but admitting the possibilities of his own nature. He shows no fear of sentiment, or passion, or deep feeling, but gives us, under poetical disguises, as the poet may, what an ardent youth could feel, whether he did or not, under various emotional conditions. And he never hesitates to let his mood drift into sombreness—a

thing which he would now impute, as a possible defect, to youth. How long ago it must have been that he wrote:—

In youth there comes a west-wind
Blowing our bloom away,—
A chilly breath of autumn
Out of the lips of May.

We bear the ripe fruit after,—
Ah, me! for the thought of pain!—
We know the sweetness and beauty
And the heart-bloom never again.

'Pleasure-Pain' is one of the prettiest of the Heine songs; but 'Forlorn,' which is more melodious, comes within the Heine spirit: 'Bubbles,' and 'Lost Beliefs' and 'The Faithful of the Gonzaga' are Heine nearer home. 'Gone,' 'The Sarcastic Fair,' 'Rapture'—all dainty poems—are even nearer. Is it Heine, or is it some belated critic, who sings so prettily and so youthfully—

In my rhyme I fable anguish,
Feigning that my love is dead,
Playing at a game of sadness,
Singing hope forever fled,—

Trailing the slow robes of mourning,
Grieving with the player's art,
With the languid palms of sorrow
Folded on a dancing heart.

I must mix my love with death-dust,
Lest the draught should make me mad;
I must make believe at sorrow
Lest I perish, over-glad.

All these little Heine-like songs are decidedly poetic—simple in structure, musical, graceful, clear in meaning, never prosy; in short, they are entirely worthy of the boy who was 'father of the man;' and their sentiment, though deflected into forms which it would never have taken if Heine had not lived, is one quite natural to dreamy, imaginative youth. However much the severe realist of to-day may prune his hedge-rows of youths and maidens into external uniformity and hardness to suit his new theories, he will more and more remember, perhaps, when the later reaction comes, that, after all, the immense majority of mortals are still young and dream a life which, though not inconsistent with the wood-sawing and wash-tubs of the reality, throws a certain glamor over the arts practised in the kitchen, which glamor must be caught by the painter of real life, unless he is to take his stand among the dear young pre-Raphaelites of ten years ago. Out of these ballads, dainty and poetical in themselves, are left two elements which we look for in Heine—the spice of wickedness, already mentioned, and the grim humor which rarely deserted the German bard. The humor without the grimness is in Mr. Howells's prose, but nowhere discernible, in any considerable amount, in his poems. The German's rapid movement and flow of narrative leave traces in Howells, but we find it appearing best in the hexameters, where Heine has for the most part been dropped, and Longfellow, and especially Clough, are now the prevailing force. We are older, apparently, more scholarly, now; we have become travelers, and, moreover, are disguising the too-open frankness of youth. Art and manners and men have come in to supply material for notebooks, and such philosophy as an intelligent observer acquires, step in to reorganize the impressions of youth. What we have ourselves dreamed, we now throw off upon other youths,—project it, if we can, and get away from it; but we haven't yet let the multitude of detail accumulated by the senses supply the whole creation. There is still left a fraction of our boyhood—its feelings, emotions, aspirations. We still have our dreams and transfer them as well as we can. There are more possibilities in life than there will be by and by, when we become decided realists. The life which is invisible, but not altogether unreal in the deeper sense of reality, grows less possible as the imaginative faculty hardens. We are now about up to Clough, preserving the dream of the boy but widening our horizon and projecting

* Poems. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

ourselves. The 'Bothie' and 'Amours de Voyage' abound in a manly youthfulness, in joy and elastic life and hopefulness, and at the same time in a growing seriousness. Clough went up from Rugby and reached Oxford at a time when seriousness was a feature of Oxford student life. Howells is serious enough in 'The Pilot's Story,' which shows least of Clough; in 'Pordenone'—which has much less of Clough. He gets energy and dramatic power in 'The Movers' and 'No Love Lost,' where Clough seems to be most of all present. In all of these poems the hexameters are thoroughly readable—quite as much so as the 'Bothie,' though less poetic than the latter in expression. In 'The Movers' and 'The Pilot's Story' the natural description is suggestive and richer than is Howells's prose of recent days. That is, it is not so drily realistic, but shows a greater deference to the 'belated critics' and to youth and twenty; and less, far less, to the judgment of the middle-aged man of the club.

Mr. Howells has passed through various stages of growth between twenty and forty-eight. Of these, we confess to liking the Heine stage and the period of the hexameter—perhaps less for their art and observation, but quite as much for their nature and for the invisible rays of human feeling which youth emits. Each period, even the realistic, has found its adequate expression—the 'pleasure-pain' and the 'sunny-rain' of youth, and the dry light of manhood. Each is good in its place. We never get so far gone among the mineral paints of middle life, but we are ready to shut our ledgers, and sing with the poet:

O darling, and darling, and darling,
If I dared to trust my thought;
If I dared to believe what I must not,
Believe what no one ought;—

We would read together the poems
Of the *Love that never died*,
The *passionate, Old-World story*
Come true and glorified.

Representative Essays.*

WE recognize the fact that posterity or foreign nations—the two infallible tribunals of literary excellence—have written upon the scroll of fame the names which appear on this title-page. The eclectic editor, in seeking choice and representative productions of these great masters of English prose, is not exercised in sifting the good from the bad: his task is to take the best from the good. One might choose at random, yet still present to the reader 'something that men would not willingly let die.' Every American is interested in elevating the literary taste and in broadening the literary culture of his country and countrymen. But this cannot be accomplished by the rapid processes which we characteristically apply for the advancement of material ends. Invention is quick, but art is long. To link Plymouth Rock with the Golden Gate by steam—the Caliban of our masterfulness,—to supply the blizzard with an Æolian harp and the frowsy buffaloes with scratching posts—to shorten the thread of discourse by the attenuated wire of the telephone—these are all the legitimate and logical triumphs of our people's struggle with space and time. But there is no short cut to literary excellence. The supremacy of scientific thought over literary thought to-day is the result of the patience and laboriousness of the former's methods. There is not a name on the title-page of this volume which would be there if its owner had confined himself to the reading of epitomes. Not one of them—from the first-mentioned to the last, from Irving to Gladstone—would have been what he was or is, if he had been content to skim over the surface of the thought of his own or the past age, as one must do who merely reviews a line of authors standing as it

were on dress-parade. One might as well base an intimate personal relationship with Macaulay on the ground of having once exchanged salutations in the street, as to claim even an introduction to his style of expression and mode of thought because of having read a 'representative' essay.

The purpose of the present volume is declared to be to meet 'the requirements of students and teachers who are not in a position to use advantageously the full series of essays' contained in the original volume, the purpose of which was 'to bring together such productions of the great writers of English prose as should not only express good specimens of English style, but should also be fairly characteristic of the methods of thought and manner of expression of the several writers.' As a text-book for use in the class room, it is not needed by the good teacher, and the poor teacher will not derive from it the advantages claimed. One essay does not represent an author's style of expression and methods of thought, any more than one swallow makes a summer. Macaulay repented himself of his essay on history, and, as far as he could, suppressed it, and by implication referred his readers to his history for illustration of his style and method of thought in this line of authorship. Carlyle's stomach was the barometer of his rhetorical and intellectual expression, and his style was subjected to the changeable influences of the uncertain flow of his gastric juices. Froude writing history and Froude writing about history are not the same men. We do not think the study of Irving's essay on 'The Mutability of Literature' will familiarize teacher or pupil with Irving's style in Knickerbocker's History of New York. In fact, the styles of writers often vary with their subjects, or under the influences which self-examination, criticism, and particularly time, which changes all things, bring to bear. Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Alexander Everett recognized in the Sketch-Book Irving's 'new manner,' and of his two styles Mr. Dana emphatically deplored an alteration which was not an improvement. To say, therefore, to untaught teachers and pupils with the credulity and receptivity of ignorance, that the study of a single essay of a voluminous and various writer will acquaint one with his style of expression and methods of thought, is to mislead. There is no short cut to knowledge that is worth anything on any subject. If the purpose of the volume had been to put into the hands of youth essays whose charms would lure them on to an intimate acquaintance with the writings of any one of these representative men, we could commend the compiler's aim as highly as the good taste and judgment he has exhibited in this selection. It is the purpose or aim of the book to which we take exception. As a collection which entertains and instructs to a certain point, it will be acceptable to the general reader; it will be valuable to the pupil only so far as it implants a taste for reading English classics and arouses an appetite for knowledge extensive and thorough. The study of a writer's style and methods of thought must embrace the whole circle of his productions. Sappho's poetical excellence is taken on faith; yet who would undertake to demonstrate the beauty of her style and the merit of her methods by a study of the fragments which have survived her?

A Famous Paris Salon.*

ONE of the most interesting and in their way instructive books that have fallen into the reviewer's hands in many a long day is this admirable account of 'Mme. Mohl: Her Salon and Her Friends.' As Americans admire everything Parisian, they admire with an enthusiasm born of their nationality that peculiarly Parisian institution, the salon, and have come to believe that no one but a Frenchwoman can be its successful mistress. As typical entertainers one thinks of Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. Le Brun, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Recamier and Mme. Mohl—

* Representative Essays. Selected from the Series of Prose Masterpieces from the Modern Essayists. Twelve unabridged essays by Irving, Lamb, De Quincey, Emerson, Arnold, Morley, Lowell, Carlyle, Macaulay, Froude, Freeman and Gladstone. \$2. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Mme. Mohl: Her Salon and Her Friends. By Kathleen O'Meara. \$2.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.

forgetting that the latter, one of the most Parisian of them all, was an Englishwoman and the wife of a German *savant*. But then Mme. Mohl went to Paris when she was but three years old, and lived there till she was ninety, so it may be said that there was little of the Englishwoman left in her when she died, three years ago. In reading this account of her, one pauses to consider what were the peculiar qualities of the ladies above-mentioned that made their salons the favorite gathering-places of all the brilliant men of their time. They were not always beautiful women, nor were they always young; indeed, it was not till they had one foot in the grave that they ceased to attract.

Mme. Mohl, whose own salon was one of the most famous, was a graduate of that of Mme. Recamier, yet she seems to have possessed neither the beauty, the grace, nor the femininity that made her friend so attractive. She had fine eyes, a snub nose, a large mouth and frowsy hair, and even in her youth she seems to have been eccentric in manner and in costume. It is told of her that she would paint all day in the public galleries, and only take off her painting-apron on starting for a friend's house where she had been invited to dine; and that, arrived there, she would throw her apron and paints into a corner, place a wreath upon her curls, and bound into the drawingroom to the delight of every one. 'La jeune Anglaise,' as they called her in Paris long after she had forfeited the right to the adjective, was quite unconscious of her appearance. Her aim was to amuse and to be amused. *Esprit* was her strong point, and it was coupled with a straightforwardness and disregard of the conventionalities that were heartily welcomed in the artificial life of the French capital. Dullness was a crime in the sight of Mme. Mohl, and she disliked Englishwomen for their want of brilliancy and their lack of appreciation of that quality in others. 'My dear, they have no manners,' she would say; 'I can't abide them in my drawingroom! What with their *morgue*, and their shyness, and their inability to hold their tongues, they are not fit for decent company.' It was an assurance that one was not dull, to be permitted to frequent Mme. Mohl's salon. The brightest man in the room was given a position on the hearthrug before the crackling fire at which she brewed the tea. He was expected to start the ball of conversation, which she caught and tossed lightly to the other guests. 'I like my friends to be snug when they are talking,' she would say; so she filled her room with comfortable arm-chairs and sofas of all sizes and shapes. On a table in a corner of the room was a plate of biscuits, and these with the tea were the only refreshments. The guests might dress as they pleased. 'Mme. Mohl would not notice if you appeared without any cravat: all she expects of you is to be agreeable,' said a frequenter of her salon to a stranger. If the new-comer was not agreeable, he was not asked again. The rôle she played in her own house was to draw other people out, 'stimulating them by contradiction, by approval, by criticism, by laughter, but always with inimitable tact.' This latter quality one is disposed to deny her, when he reads of the violence of her likes and dislikes, and learns that she spoke even more extravagantly than she felt.

A German admirer said of her, when asked wherein lay her great charm: 'In the absence of it: I never knew a woman so devoid of charm (in the ordinary sense of the word, as applied to woman), and yet so fascinating. She was hardly a woman at all. We none of us looked upon her as a woman: we met her on equal terms, as if she had been a man. . . . Her perceptions were so acute that she darted into your mind, seized on your ideas and views, and turned them round on all sides before you were aware of it, often showing you more in them than you had yourself discovered.'—She cared nothing for rank or titles, and met every one on a common footing. One day in Dean Stanley's drawingroom, just as she had laid down the *Times* which contained the news that there would be no war between England and Germany on account of the Danish ques-

tion, the door was thrown open and a servant announced the Queen. Mme. Mohl, then quite an old lady, sprang to her feet and exclaimed, 'Well, your Majesty, we are to have no war!' 'No, thank God! we are to have no war' was the Queen's rejoinder, and taking both Mme. Mohl's hands she led her to the sofa, sat down beside her, and entered into friendly conversation.—Mme. Mohl's last days were anything but happy. Her husband, who was ten years younger than she, died first, and she never ceased to mourn her loss. Her mind became shattered, and she expired on the 15th of May, 1883, attended by her faithful friends, Mme. d'Abbadie and Mlle. Tourguéneff.

The Holy Houses of the Hebrews.*

AN exhaustive monograph like this work of Professor Paine is something which we have been accustomed to look for in Germany, rather than on this side of the Atlantic. Have we not been magisterially taught to locate the birth-place of most good books in the Fatherland? We have here the results of thirty-three years of study, and all of it upon a theme of archaic interest. Thirty-three years simply to settle a fact! Verily, like Agassiz, the professor of Hebrew in the New Jerusalem Church divinity school at Waltham has had no time to make money! Like many another student of Hebrew antiquities, Professor Paine was dissatisfied with the fancy pictures of the Ark, Tabernacle, Temple and Capitol as found in Bible dictionaries. He disliked with equal intensity the blunders and fictions of Josephus. He resolved in 1852 to make it his life work to reconstruct in text and drawing the holy houses of the Hebrews by critical study of the original texts alone. He has, by mastery of the subject, been able to correct both the lexicons, and all previous writings of those who worked the same field. By mathematical demonstration, he shows the Scriptural data to be harmonious, and that any deviation from their figures makes impossible proportions. He proves Josephus to have fabricated important statements. What an American, Elias Howe, did for clothed mankind's first implement, the needle, Professor Paine has done for Solomon's Temple.

It took our race thousands of years, as has been said, to learn that the needle was threaded at the wrong end. The sewing-machine resulted from the discovery. Our Yankee Hebraist shows that all previous restorations of the Temple have been *upside down*. Draughtsmen in their representations made the sacred edifice wide at the bottom and narrow at the top, like pyramids and most structures. Its true form as given by Professor Paine was smallest at the bottom, and spreading wider and wider upwards, a colonnade of three rows of stone pillars and one row of cedar pilasters supporting the overjutting galleries. As seen from the outside it was a forest of columns supporting a massive frieze, the oracle in the form of a cube. In addition to this triumph, many other details, that have hitherto baffled research, yield to his microscopic investigation and comparison of the ancient texts. One hundred and twenty small cuts illustrate these details. To achieve his results as now set forth upon this sumptuously thick card-paper, the author long since perfected himself as a draughtsman. Not one of his drawings is, as he declares, a fancy-picture. The forty-two full-page plates are clear, simple and easily verifiable. Like all other genuine discoveries, we wonder at the simplicity of this one. The problem is so easy, when we look at it from the inside!

As the thorough mastery of one subject throws light upon others, so an understanding of Solomon's temple involves a restoration of its prototype the desert Tabernacle, and its counterpart the Capitol or House of the King. The Ark of the flood is also restored by study of the records, and by comparative methods. We have thus the four Holy Houses of the Hebrews described and figured before us. Simple, august, mystic, they are true epitomes of the genius of Israel,

* Solomon's Temple and Capitol, Ark of the Flood and Tabernacle. Four Portfolios, with 42 full-page plates. By Timothy Otis Paine, LL.D. \$20. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

as are the Pyramids, Parthenon and Pantheon of Egypt, Greece and Rome respectively. Of these four, only the Hebrews national monument has been destroyed. Our American scholar has, in restoring to the eye the vanished Temple, put not only Israel and Christendom in his debt, but lovers of culture and science everywhere. It would be doing injustice to the author to quote at length from his text. His familiarity with the Egyptian hieroglyphics and architecture, and with the Biblical, Rabbinic and Talmudic Hebrew, is evident at a glance. The Chaldee, Syriac, Coptic, North African Latin and Septuagint texts in their most ancient forms have also been critically scrutinized. In short all authorities of the first order bearing upon his theme have been examined and compared with laborious painstaking. Not only should every theological seminary worthy of the name possess a copy of this work, but every clergyman of liberal culture will find the monograph one of absorbing interest. Certainly an interesting course of lectures or sermons could be preached from the data here given. Even the secret and mystic fraternities should study it. It will be a matter of interest to note in the future how far the Bible dictionaries will revise their cuts, and the Freemasons modify their models of the Hebrew Holy House which stood on the rock, was pitched on the sand, or floated on the water. We think Professor Paine's work will compel the makers of lodge and commandery models and symbols to remodel their stock.

Recent Fiction

'HIGH-LIGHTS' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a daintily attractive book, inside and out; charmingly bound, beautifully printed on good paper, and full of pleasant matter. It is hardly a novel, but it is a story prettily told, relying greatly on its graceful descriptions of scenery and people. For the plot is the hackneyed one of two lovers for the same lady, a misunderstanding, some heroics on the part of the lovers, who are friends, and final bestowal of the lady on the right one. But the style and tone of the book quite lift the familiar material out of the ruts, and it is pleasant to record so refined a story. The first few pages are bits of fascinating word-painting, and throughout the book one feels that this graceful writer has a power which just now is greater than the material she devotes it to. By the author of 'The Witch's Head,' on the title-page of 'King Solomon's Mines,' by H. Rider Haggard (Cassell), prepares us for a good deal of the weird and uncanny, even without the map as a frontispiece supposed to be a *fac-simile* of one traced on a bit of linen in his own blood by an adventurer. This time, however, the weirdness is less in the form of a novel, and more in the style of highly remarkable adventures, such as the finding of a corpse three hundred years old, sitting up in a cave in perfect preservation. There is a kind of boy who may tolerate these adventures, but even for him there is a good deal of better literature extant.

'THE PETTIBONE NAME,' by Margaret Sidney (Lothrop's Household Library), is a really unique and entertaining story, even for one of the long-familiar type known as the 'tale of New England.' The plot turns on the foolishness of an old man who first left all his property to his son, and later to his daughter, with heroic sacrifice on the part of the daughter for the sake of preserving the Pettibone name. All this part of it is very weak, and decidedly not New Englandlike; but incidentally a great deal of genuine humor is woven in, and the story as a whole is well worth reading. 'The Satin-Wood Box,' by J. T. Trowbridge, illustrated (Lee & Shepard), is a story of some ingenuity as to plot; but it is too sensational and utterly improbable to be the best kind of reading for boys. Moreover, although the terrible prevarications of the boy in it are meant as a warning against prevarication, they are quite capable of serving the opposite purpose of teaching boys how easily they can prevaricate with easy consciences; and the moral that by finally telling the truth, the boy gained more outward and visible good than he could have done by persisting in his twisting of the truth, is not the highest standard to be presented to the young. Whether honesty is or is not always the best policy, it is always best.

'US' is one of Mrs. Molesworth's excellent stories (Harper's Handy Series) this time about two dear little old-fashioned children who lived in the days when old fashions were the fashion,

when little girls courtesied and little boys waited to be spoken to. They were twins, and so united in thought that they always spoke of themselves as 'Us,' reminding us of a small boy of our own acquaintance who was practising 'Do, re, me, fa, sol' at the piano with his sister, and who inquired of his aunt, 'Auntie, oughtn't we to sing "do, re, us," instead of *me*, when there's two of us?'—Farjeon's 'Christmas Angel' is a little tale intended to rouse sympathy for the suffering of the poor on the ground that it leads to sin. The story is that of parents led by the death of a little child to consider the welfare of children less tenderly cared for.—'Goblin Gold,' by May Crommelin, is a foolish story made up of impossible and uninteresting, though not very original, complications.—The stories gathered together under the title of 'The Ghost's Touch' are too dull and poor to be floated merely by the name of Wilkie Collins. These four books appear in Harper's Handy Series.

Minor Notices.

'LE MARIAGE DE GABRIELLE,' by D. Lesueur, and 'La Lettre Chargée,' by E. Labiche, are two new issues of W. R. Jenkins's series of Romans Choisis and Théâtre Contemporain (the former 60 cents, the latter 25). These entertaining French collections go far to confirm what Mme. Durand-Gréville was reported to have said lately in Boston: that pure French novels are numerous enough, for those who know how to find them; and we are grateful to Mr. Jenkins for being the 'path-finder.' Our experience with the series would suggest a more substantial stitching of the thick pages, which are apt to loosen and fall to pieces.—A new edition of Dr. Frederick Saunders's 'Evenings with the Sacred Poets,' a series of instructive talks about the singers of sacred lyrics and their songs, has been greatly increased in value by several additional chapters on the newer English and American hymnists. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) Though the work is gossiping and *distract* in manner, over-eulogistic of the hymn-writers in many cases, and tantalizingly brief in its biographical data, it will be a charming book for a quiet Sunday evening, as a gift to a meditative invalid, or as furnishing hints and glimpses of the life and passion of the hymn-poets. It is full of information about the writers of celebrated hymns—Greek, Latin, German, Swedish, French, Spanish, English, and American.—'Sir Titus Salt and George Moore,' by James Burnley, in the series of the World's Workers (Cassell), is the interesting and true story of two men who grew famous in commercial lines of life, and who became philanthropists as fast as they became millionaires. The book is extremely interesting as showing how they became rich from small beginnings; and the story of what they did with their money, as an encouragement to go and do likewise, is worth a thousand times more than the melancholy warnings *not* to go and do likewise so often launched upon the world in novels about miserly millionaires hoarding ignominiously, or spending selfishly, their ill-gotten gains.

FROM the press of Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, comes a pamphlet on 'Civil Service: Its Rot and its Remedy,' in which Donn Piatt undertakes to prove, in the form of a letter to President Cleveland, that to the victors must of necessity belong the spoils. He states the party idea of the Civil Service in a clear and forcible manner, and claims that it is the only one compatible with our form of government.—In the series published by the Putnams on the Questions of the Day, George W. Lawton treats of 'The American Caucus System: Its Origin, Purpose and Utility.' It is a defence of that system as it now exists, and as a necessary accompaniment of party government. All that can be said in its favor is here said, and in a manner to suggest to the attentive reader its worst as well as its best features. What the author says about the history of the caucus is of little value, and he shows but little capacity for comprehending the true significance and relations of his subject. He has dragged in a great deal of irrelevant matter, and he is so zealous an advocate as to betray his own cause.—In a form very convenient for reference, Henry Flanders has given us (Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.) his 'Exposition of the Constitution of the United States.' He prints the Constitution with the Amendments in full at the beginning of his book, and then comments on it in an intelligent and helpful way, so that no one can fail to understand its provisions. His exposition is brief, clear and comprehensive, and such as every one having to do with the interpretation of the Constitution will find serviceable as a guide. In an appendix he gives the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the resolutions and letter transmitted to Congress by the Federal Convention, and Washington's Farewell Address.

The Bookstall.

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of Trade;
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot mid-summer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maples' breezy shade,
Than the bookstall old and gray.

Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of 'calf,'
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless 'mos.' of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sere.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain:
And the lords of prose and rhyme,
Years after the long last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep,
In the bookstall old and gray.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Lounger

THE Rev. Mr. Haweis in his entertaining paper on Dr. Holmes might lead the reader to imagine that the genial Autocrat was somewhat bored by the proofs of admiration brought to him by the mails. While I have no doubt that Dr. Holmes must often waste valuable time in reading tiresome letters, I am just as sure that he finds a great deal of pleasure in the sincere appreciation of his writings expressed by unknown correspondents. The last time I had the pleasure of calling upon him, as I sat in a big armchair overlooking the river from his study window, he took from a bundle of letters on his desk one he had just received from an English lady, a stranger to him, and gave it to me to read. When I had finished reading it, he expressed his genuine gratification at its contents, and seemed deeply touched to think that he should have exerted such an influence for good through the medium of his books. One would have thought from his pleasure in this letter that the appreciation of strangers was new to him, whereas few writers receive more proofs of it. Dr. Holmes is sincerely admired and loved both at home and in England, and he is just as susceptible to expressions of regard and esteem to-day as though he were winning rather than wearing the laurel wreath.

SECRETARY BAYARD's home has long been a favorite resort of the diplomatic corps at Washington. It is naturally so now, but it was so even before he became head of the Department that has to do with our foreign relations; and a chief reason for its being so was the fluency of the members of the Senator's household in speaking other languages than their own. Miss Katherine Bayard, who was obliged by her mother's uncertain health to bear a large part of the burden of entertaining her father's visitors, was an accomplished linguist, proficient even in the lingo of the gypsies. In this latter accomplishment, however, she was not unique amongst the women of America; for Mrs. Joseph Pennell, the etcher's wife, when she was still Elizabeth Robins, studied Romany, as well as other tongues, to good effect, and was as much interested in the gypsies as her uncle, Mr. Leland, of whom she writes in this week's CRITIC.

As I have a great admiration for scarabs, my attention was attracted the other evening by an unusually handsome one worn by Mr. E. C. Stedman as a scarf-pin. It was a pale green one,

with an opalescent streak down the middle. I spoke of its beauty, and he said that that was not its only attraction. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner had found three scarabs in a tomb in Egypt and had them set in Italy, and on his return home had given one to Mr. Howells and one to Mr. Stedman, and had kept the other for himself—a very pleasant souvenir of a winter on the Nile.

MISS KELLOGG is making her first concert tour through the South. She has always wanted to visit the land of the cotton-plant and the vine because she was born there, and yet there is not a drop of Southern blood in her veins. She is really a Yankee; but during the early years of their married life her parents went to the South and spent two or three years at Sumter, S. C., where Clara Louise was born and lived until she had attained the mature age of nine months. Miss Kellogg, by the way, was named after Clara Novello, for whom both as a singer and a woman her mother had the highest admiration.

I AM GLAD to hear that Mme. Modjeska will spend from eight to ten weeks in New York next season, and that she will act under her own management. She has engaged the Union Square Theatre and will have a company of exceptional strength. Outside of New York she will only appear in the larger cities, where her time will be longer than usual.

AN INTERESTING peculiarity of Jules L. Stewart's extremely clever painting, 'The Hunt Ball,' now on exhibition at Reichard's, consists in its reproduction of real faces. If the statements of those who profess to know their Paris as well as most of us know our New York are to be taken on trust, then is this brilliant scene laid in the ballroom of Mr. Munroe, the banker; one of the young ladies is his daughter, Miss Munroe; the tambourine-player is the Vicomte de Janze; the Duc de Morny is conspicuous amongst the dancers; and the painter himself and his beautiful model, 'Amanda,' are vividly portrayed. All this adds, not to the intrinsic value, but to the factitious interest of a well-painted canvas.

Silence is Gold.

[The Spectator.]

It is the curious fate of the great man whose memoirs have been occupying the reading world for the last few years to teach, almost as eloquently by his conduct as by his utterance, the lesson of our text. Carlyle's sermons on the duty of self-control in expression, like the sermons of many another preacher have received their most forcible illustration from his own errors. His wordy wailings have to some extent concealed his character. Never was there a case in which it was truer that half is more than the whole. There is a surplussage of expression which is all the more misleading because it refers to facts; and many an error of detail is less important than the loss of proportion which is inevitable when the biographer unveils all he sees. We know more about our great men than we did in the days before it was the fashion to paint them naked, we do not know them better. But this is a theme we have urged before, and to repeat the hopeless protest would be indeed to illustrate our own warning. We are now seeking to understand, not to make war upon, the promiscuous expression of our time. The loss of dignified reserve, like almost every other loss, may be minimised by being made conscious. Whatever it be that makes life so much more unclothed than it was in the time of our fathers, it is worth understanding, even if it be something that must be simply accepted; for it concerns the whole of life, and modifies almost every feeling which is stirred by the intercourse of man with man.

It is the result of two important movements of our day; of its rapid progress towards democracy, and of its increasing interest in physical science. But, indeed, truly considered, these two things are one. Democracy is triumphant everywhere, and its triumph in the world of education means the substitution of scientific for literary interest. The old ideal of education was aristocratic. It said, 'All knowledge is good, but all knowledge is not, in the same degree, educating. One study has this educating influence in a peculiar degree—that which is called literature; and one class of literature has it in a peculiar degree—that to which the consent of Europe has accorded the epithet of classical, and which the intellect of Europe has for centuries been employed in fashioning into an implement of education. Let there be, therefore, a certain stamp of catholic approval on the knowledge of the two languages containing this literature, which is accorded to no other knowledge; dignifying it with the

title of *cultivation*, and thus raising it on a kind of platform, above the promiscuous crowd of claimants on intellectual attention.' Thus it has arisen that this particular knowledge has a kind of prestige shared by no other. For a man to say that he is ignorant of chemistry is to avow a mere idiosyncrasy; to make the same avowal about Greek is to give up all claim to a liberal education. And then, again, the same distinction holds good as to the ignorance respectively of Latin and of German. A certain division of literature is literature *par excellence*. It is not that Latin is a casket of more valuable thought than German is. Quite the reverse. No great nation was ever so little original as the one whose records reach us in that language; it would be difficult to cite from them a single striking thought. But the student of Latin literature lives in select society. The student of German must pick and choose for himself. When Europe accepted as its educational instrument a study of the two languages to which the word classical is given, on the ground that they offer nothing which is not classical, a sanction was given to the principle of aristocracy in knowledge, and its influence still holds to a considerable extent, for its roots went deep. But it is fading under the influence of a rival theory. No thoughtful persons would at any time suppose that the sole business of education is the imparting of knowledge; but the premiss of the old school was that certain knowledge is education in a peculiar sense, in opposition to the modern theory that the pupil is to have his faculties trained to the work of acquiring knowledge, and left to decide for himself what knowledge he requires. The aristocracy of knowledge is to be done away with.

The proclamation of liberty and equality in the world of study appears only to do away with the favored position of literature. But, in fact, it concedes that position to physical science. Equality is an unstable condition; as the obliteration of rank brings out the preponderance of wealth, so the dethronement of literature means the enthronement of science. All practical pursuits stand in immediate relation to physical science; the moment you try to make all studies equal, you make this supreme. This change has many kinds of influence; we are concerned with only one. While there was this precedence given to literature, every one, whether he cared for literature or not, was reminded more or less of the existence of a great world of expression, in which silence had its proper domain. 'By what he omits, show me the master in style.' Some works which are not at all literary might be made so by mere excision. A great writer, while adding not a single idea, and hardly a word of his own, might sometimes make of an unreadable book a contribution to literature, merely by removing what had better be left out. We have all some experience, some gleam of inspiration, even some thought, which, if we could express *that and nothing besides*, would be in its degree poetic. But the very power to separate what should be unexpressed from what should be expressed is a part of the literary instinct; and those who lack it may possess the ore to some amount, but have no smelting furnace. And this is the condition of ordinary humanity.

This self-restraint, this intellectual temperance, is the special characteristic of classical literature, and of all literature that has been much influenced by it even indirectly. Re-read Cicero's literary masterpieces, do you find any light thrown on the problems of life, do you gain a single idea that from the point of view of Science, taking that word in its largest signification, has any value whatever? Not one. If you look at these productions in that light, they are exceedingly commonplace. But the lightness of touch, which is gone as we feel it, just supplies that suggestion, so faint and yet so distinct, which in its power of reviving individual memories, seems to rouse within us the very feelings it describes. A word more, and the spell is broken. What we value is more what is not said than what is said. The words themselves are not striking, what is striking is the quick passing on from a suggestion that leaves room for memory and imagination to rush in and fill the blank with visions which great genius perhaps could not translate into language. This classic ideal of self-restraint passed into the very life-blood of European literature, and is manifest in those who did not imbibe it at first-hand. It is exhibited nowhere with more distinctness than in the work of one who, in her recently published letters, prettily describes herself as the most ignorant writer who ever handled a pen,—Miss Austen. An article on 'Style,' in one of the reviews for December, quotes from her a sentence which seems to us a perfect example of this self-restraint in expression. 'Their union,' she says in describing an ideal constancy perhaps modelled on some actual feeling, 'could not any more divide her from other men than their final separation.' Dilute that idea as it would be diluted by a writer of our own day, and it becomes trite. Nothing is more commonplace than the idea of a devotion irre-

spective of all requital, whatever the fact may be, and nothing can be more tedious than most descriptions of it. What gives power and meaning to a sentence which makes us feel merely what every novel-writer tries to make us feel is its exceeding reticence. Describing a strength of feeling wonderfully rare in life, and naturally suggesting superlatives, it takes a negative form, and uses the very fewest and faintest words in which the idea can be expressed. Though Jane Austen knew not a line of Latin and Greek, she shows classic influence in that reticence. And, just as the influence of classic training is felt in the writing of those who know nothing of the classics, so the influence of literary training is felt in the behavior of those who know nothing of literature. It is the principal part of what we mean by breeding. A man of the world who yawns over a novel or a newspaper shows some trace of inherited cultivation in the criticisms on his neighbors which he keeps to himself; and even so highly-cultivated a man as Carlyle, perhaps, exhibits the lack of that influence, in remarks which would seem to us less ill-natured, if we remembered his peasant blood.

Now, Science, whatever else it may enforce, certainly drops the literary discipline of reticence. It concerns that about which the more facts are known the nearer we get to the truth, in which it is specially important not to neglect the trivial and the imperfect, and in which the misleading cannot be said to exist. A study of which this is true manifestly encourages all expression. Not that it is satisfied with expression. A man of science is very far from accepting language as an adequate vehicle for his study; he would say, indeed, that those who know it only through the medium of language, do not know it at all. But still he would allow that the more fully the truth of science is put into words the better. It is no exaggeration to say that the less fully the truth of literature is put into words the better. Of poetry this is eminently true, and it is in poetry that we see this opposition at its height. You may agree or disagree with a scientific writer, but if two persons of average intellect, after reading him attentively, differ as to his meaning, he must have expressed himself badly. But poetry guarded against any varying interpretation by different minds would cease to be poetry. We sometimes see the divergent ideals exhibited in the development of a single mind. As time goes on, a man of science is apt to be dissatisfied with all expression that rather suggests than exhausts its subject-matter. He is surprised at his own loss of literary taste. He turns back to the poems scored by pencil-marks of his youth, and wonders to find their charm is fled, and that he even fails to 'understand' them, as he calls it, which, in his sense, is what nobody does. His attention has grown rusty in a certain posture, and he cannot change its focus. He is expecting to carry away from incomplete expression the same kind of intellectual satisfaction that he habitually gains from complete expression. He is looking for the accuracy of science where that kind of accuracy is incompatible with the truth of poetry. And biography in this respect should approach poetry. All narrative that seeks to unfold character has a double principle of rejection, both halves of which are unknown to science. It rejects whatever is trivial, and then, again, it rejects whatever is misleading. Do not tell us your hero's favorite dish; do not describe at any length his bodily ailments; do not dwell on his personal appearance. And further, do not tell us of some inexplicable lapse from the kindness, the honor, or the purity which *almost* invariably distinguished him. Not because you will hurt the feelings of his children, not because you will impair the loyalty of his disciples—these are not motives that should weigh with a biographer—but because you are not, in so doing, helping us to know him. In his life this strange exception was probably the result of some combination of circumstances hopelessly beyond our recovery, and hopelessly bewildering to our attention if it could be recovered. In our mind it would, from its very strangeness, be the chief thing we should remember about him. Now, in any scientific account, the *exceptional* is exactly what it would be most important to record. To mention the fact that a man of genius and virtue was once found drunk would be the same kind of mistake as to conceal the fact that a highly respectable comet failed to keep its appointment. Science founded a theory of the Universe on the exception. Literature would find it a mere source of confusion. Where Literature is silent, Science becomes emphatic.

This principle is essential to literature, but is not confined to it. That person is wonderfully fortunate who has not learned by actual experience that the most accurately recorded fact on his lips may become the most hopelessly false theory in his hearers' ears. 'The public,' it is true, does not distort true fact into false theory quite so much as an individual does, and not quite in the same way. But human character, and the events which

unfold and result from it, are never adapted to complete expression, in the same way that all other events are. 'Action,' says the great writer whose works preach the lesson as forcibly as his biography exhibits the danger of neglecting it, 'action is *solid*, narrative is *linear*.' Carlyle's weighty sentences are almost sufficiently numerous to win oblivion for his unwise utterances; but among them all, and indeed in all literature, we hardly know a warning so pregnant with truth for all time as that implied in those words.

For all time, but especially for our own. We have been taught to neglect it by the tendency of general thought and political change, by the temptation of a cheap stimulus to attention, and lastly, by the teaching of a great genius. The narratives which have combined the interest of dramatic creation and eloquent preaching, the works which have been cited from the pulpit and hailed as a new Bible by those who wished to discard the old, have been modelled more and more on the new reverence for physical science. The change is strikingly apparent when we compare George Eliot with George Sand; and one character—which we cannot help fancying that the great Englishwoman took from the great Frenchwoman, and in which, therefore, we can compare the two methods of treatment—brings it out very strikingly. Tito Melema, as the incarnate principle of the Renaissance, is the creation of George Eliot; but as the faithless, frivolous, luxury-loving admirer of Romola, he reminds us of Angiolo, the Venetian singer, who has a similar relation towards Consuelo. But we know Tito as a patient in a hospital; Angiolo as a personage in a drama. We follow the downfall of the perfidious Greek with the interest with which we study a remarkable case in pathology; while the perfidious Venetian is known to us as a passing acquaintance is, and leaves us without any feeling that we have before us the complete analysis of his condition. We know him, that is, from a literary, not a scientific, point of view.

'Well,' it may be objected, 'that, so far as it goes, is all on the side of the scientific ideal of fiction, for George Eliot's creation is a more powerful one than George Sand's.' To the countrymen of George Eliot, and at the very time of publication, it certainly is. Beyond this limit of time and space we doubt. We have a profound faith in the *conservative* influence of pure literature, and some distrust of instantaneous impressiveness. The contrast seems to us forcibly exhibited in the earlier and later style of George Eliot herself. 'Adam Bede' was a study of moral aspects, not an analysis of moral conditions; and it had not so large an audience as its successors had; perhaps it was not read with the same keen interest as they were, for the author's power of description and creation remained undimmed, and to these attractions was afterwards added that of a kind of mental stimulus peculiarly flattering to the ordinary intellect. The readers of 'Daniel Deronda' breathed an atmosphere impregnated with the problems which that fiction presented in a solid form; they were prepared to recognise them by innumerable hints and allusions; they could not take up a magazine, and hardly a newspaper, without being reminded that these were the issues disputed between thinkers; and when they found these problems, which to a certain extent were familiar, apparently settled in an interesting fiction, the fiction, without losing its own peculiar interest, gained that of philosophy. All this is true only for a generation. We cannot point to any romance of the past as prefiguring what 'Daniel Deronda' and 'Middlemarch' may be for the readers of the twentieth century, because the ideal on which they are moulded is entirely new. But we may safely predict that when George Eliot's productions come to be read by our grandchildren, her readers will turn most eagerly to those which enter on ground where expression is confessedly incomplete always, rather than to those which change of time can rob of a completeness apparently attempted by their author. Nothing exhaustive, we firmly believe, can ever be perennial.

It may be objected that when we have settled how much detail a writer of fiction had better invent, that does not help to decide how much fact a biographer had better reveal. The objection, however plausible it sound, is a part of the very heresy against which our whole polemic is directed. The aim of Biography is to reveal a character. The character is not to be invented. But the biographer should feel his task just as much one of selection as the writer of fiction does. Only very rarely will he reveal the character he seeks to reveal by telling everything he knows. The most popular biography in the language is an example of just such a fortunate chance as this. Boswell could not have painted a character that needed selective treatment; Johnson could not have been so vividly known to us by any one who had aimed at selective treatment. Another popu-

lar biography—Stanley's 'Life of Arnold'—seems to us to have carried the principle of selection too far, and to lose interest with its lack of shadow. But the most erroneous specimens of the kind of biography which embody the aim of revealing a character as a different endeavor from that of describing a thing, seem to us to do more ultimately to further true views of mankind than the most elaborate attempts which ignore this difference, and suppose that what the biographer has to do is to empty his wallet of information. The biographer who forgets his kindred to the poet, and enters into partnership with the student of physiology, starts from an assumption more false than any that could be put into a narrative form. Only he who creates can fully reveal, and he who remembers that truth will reveal least inadequately.

The case in which the scientific ideal is least hurtful to literature is one in which the exception proves the rule, for as memory is a bridge between the regions of sense and imagination, so is history between those of science and literature. Here, no doubt, the two ideals must blend. And yet so intimate, so indissoluble is the connection between the truth of human life, and that selective feeling which belongs to the literary spirit, that even here it seems to us the muse of history descends from her pedestal when she would approach closely to science; nor should we desire a better illustration of this truth than the two historic works of the great man from whose biography we took our start. The history written in his youth is an original and vivid picture of human life; the history written in his age is an exhaustive account of the greatness of a military nation, which that nation finds itself obliged to study as the best source of accurate information, and we feel no more doubt as to which of these works will be best known to posterity, than we do as to its verdict on the contrast between the purport of his teaching and the disclosures of his biography.

Current Criticism

PARKMAN'S SKILL IN WRITING HISTORY.—With all his research he has produced books that show no trace either of weariness or of a struggle with an overwhelming mass of details. Throughout the whole series of his historical works the reader feels not only that he is receiving the teaching of one who in the highest sense of the term is an historian, who knows and explains the meaning of the events he relates, but that he is in the company of a man who is at least as much at home in the forests of the West and in the lodges of the Indians as he is in his study. While it is always a great thing to have a period of history treated by a scholar who spares no pains in his search for information, a large number of scholars, as unsparing of themselves as Mr. Parkman must have been, utterly fail to catch the spirit of the time on which they work because they have virtually no experiences beyond a book-lined room; they write of men with no more critical knowledge of mankind than may be gained from the pages of a chronicler or the entries in an Exchequer roll, and of inanimate objects as though the highest expression of nature was to be found in an Ordnance map. The series of volumes that stands before us has a better account to give of its author. Much of its contents is grouped round different central figures, an arrangement that saves the treatment of a widespread subject from becoming desultory or confusing; and each explorer, missionary, governor, and soldier stands before us in turn, not merely as a man who spoke and acted in a certain way, not as a hero to be blindly admired nor as a villain to be utterly condemned, but as a man whom one learns to know, and whose life and actions have in them some mixture of good and evil.—*The Saturday Review*.

LITERARY STYLE.—Style must not be confounded with composition. It is possible to write faultless English without having a style, and possible, too, for a great author to play daring and even unjustifiable tricks with language, without wholly losing his claim to the possession of this great literary gift. No doubt he cannot play such tricks with impunity. They injure his fame and his position, but they do not always and necessarily degrade him to the rank of a second class writer. What, then, do we understand by this gift of style, upon which it may be safely asserted the permanence of literature depends? What is it that impels a man so to write that the thoughts which he utters are 'like to live'? It is evident that the power must be something more distinctive and vital than the pleasing arrangement of words. A perfect command of language is indeed essential to literature of the finest order, for the master's instrument should have no jarring notes; but whence is the source of this com-

mand? It is to be found, we think, in the faculty of imagination, which gives energy and harmony to thought. If this be true, style is simply the expression of this harmony; it is not merely an outward accomplishment, but the fruit of an inward grace—a living growth, instead of being, as is so commonly supposed, a superficial acquirement.—*Time, London.*

DAVID NEAL AND MARIE STUART.—It is in one sense a mortifying confession, but in another a natural tribute—the fact that the American public is accustomed to echo English opinion in matters of taste. Any artist—be it in literature, on the stage, or in painting—who has received the 'hall mark' of British favor, awakes at once to find himself famous in the United States, and this benefit accrued to Mr. Neal. His was not a head to be turned with success, however. He worked with the more fervor, and with a conscientiousness which barely escaped timidity. He now began his 'First Meeting of Mary Stuart with Rizzio.' The subject was once more an advance in pretension, a higher goal of ambition. It presented new technical difficulties to overcome, a deeper psychological moment to express; it called for more thought, and demanded the creative force of imagination. It was years upon his easel. Fortunately by this time his means allowed him to make haste slowly. He painted elaborate studies for every detail of costume and accessories. The fortuitous arrival in Munich of Marie Gordon—a charming compatriot, herself an artist—furnished him the model for his lovely heroine, hitherto sought in vain. The 'authentic' portraits of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, the one at Abbotsford, for instance, were not of a kind to inspire an artist who had made his own the dictum of Ingres: 'L'art ne doit être que le beau et ne nous enseigner que le beau'; and he availed himself of a permissible poetic licence in the treatment of a poetical theme. He took the same liberty with the features and figure of Rizzio, which are certainly truer, in an æsthetic sense, than if he had followed the facts given by possibly prejudiced contemporaries. The result was a beautiful picture, too well known from prints and photographs to require description. The great gold medal of the Bavarian Royal Academy crowned the work, which had a popularity almost exceptional.—*The Magazine of Art.*

The Fine Arts.

Art Notes.

—Mrs. Mary J. Morgan's collection of art-works will be exhibited to the public at the American Art Galleries from February 12 until the time appointed for the sale. The paintings are to be sold at Chickering Hall, March 3, 4 and 5, and the porcelains, silverware, ceramics, glass, bronzes, etc., at the Galleries, March 8 to 15. An *édition de luxe* of the catalogue, containing etchings from the principal paintings in the collection, is sold at \$23 a copy.

—The sixty-first exhibition of the National Academy of Design will open April 5 and close May 15. The nineteenth exhibition of the Water-Color Society will open at the National Academy Feb. 1 and close Feb. 27. The New York Etching Club will exhibit at the same place at the same time. The second Prize Fund Exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the American Art Galleries will open sometime in April. In addition to the money prizes, ten gold medals will be awarded. The Society of American Artists will exhibit this year at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, from May 5 to October 15.

—Laurence Hutton begins a series of illustrated papers on 'Some American Book-Plates' in the February *Book-Buyer*.

—The successors of Goupil in Paris are about to start a new monthly illustrated review entitled *Les Lettres et les Arts*. Each number will contain about 140 pages and nearly 40 illustrations, including engravings, etchings, photogravures, and colored engravings. The price per copy will be \$6; per year, \$60. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American agents.

—One of the most interesting examples of modern European art ever seen in this country is now on exhibition at the jewelry establishment of C. W. Schumann in John Street. This is a work by the celebrated Russian painter, Constantine Makovski, which represents a Russian wedding-feast in the Sixteenth Century. The canvas is very large and contains a number of life-size figures. It is equally interesting as illustrating the literary art peculiar to Russia and as a splendid piece of technique. For beauty of color it is especially noteworthy. Each figure represents a distinct idea and could not be removed without injury to the harmonious scheme of composition. The painting is vigorous and the drawing all that could be desired, but the technique

is never obtrusive and is felt to have been regarded by the painter simply as a vehicle for the expression of an ambitious conception.

Notes

HENRY C. WALSH has succeeded T. P. Gill as editor of *The Catholic World*, Mr. Gill having recently been elected to Parliament. Mr. Walsh is a younger brother of the new editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and comes of a Philadelphia family that has been known in the literary world for three generations. He was educated at Georgetown College, near Washington, and has been for some time a contributor to the paper which he is hereafter to conduct. The publisher's choice of a successor to Mr. Gill is a wise one.

—Harper & Bros. have in press a volume on Railroad monopolies by Jos. F. Hudson, editor of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, which is said to be the most important book on the subject that has been written in the quarter of a century now closing, being a 'thorough exposition of those abuses of railway management which have given the railway corporations arbitrary control over industry and commerce and despotic dominion over a so-called republic.' The writer is not a socialist nor even a radical, but merely seeks by clear and conclusive reasoning to reach the fundamental source of wrong.

—Mrs. J. H. Walworth, author of 'The Bar-Sinister,' a Mormon story, is about to publish through Cassell & Co. a novel dealing with the question of the Negro's future, and entitled 'Without Blemish: To-day's Problem.'

—Another important book now in the press of Harper & Brothers is a historical work on the Indians, entitled 'The Massacres of the Mountains.' The author, Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jun., of Indianapolis, has given a large amount of time and labor to the study of the subject, and he has made a bold and thorough exposure of the cruel mismanagement of Indian affairs for many years.

—Cassell & Co.'s new series of novels was not named the Rainbow Series with reference to the titles of its first two volumes, 'A Crimson Stain,' by Annie Bradshaw, and 'Morgan's Horror,' by George Manville Fenn, but because the covers are of rainbow-hued paper. It is a twenty-five cent series.

—The second edition of Dr. Alex. Nicolson's *Memoirs of Adam Black* (the first to reach this country) is a volume that will find most of its readers amongst book-lovers outside of Scotland. Mr. Black left sufficient material for these *Memoirs*, though what he wrote was for his children, particularly his eldest son, to read. He began writing in London in 1864, during his attendance as a Member of Parliament, and stopped in 1872, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. The early history of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* found in these *Memoirs* is amusing by contrast with the history of the current edition—the ninth. Mr. Black bought the *Encyclopædia* before it was completed, beginning its publication in March 1830 and finishing it in 1842. The outlay for this edition was 108,766*l.* of which 8755*l.* were expended on editing, 13,887*l.* on contributions, and the remainder on manufacturing and in advertising it. The number of complete copies sold was only 4500.

—The department of Open Letters in the forthcoming *Century* will contain letters from Jas. Russell Lowell, S. L. Clemens, and forty-one other authors on the subject of international copyright.

—Theodore Roosevelt has been reported as having a share in the editorial control of *Outing*. This is a mistake, Poultny Bigelow alone being responsible manager. Just at present Mr. Roosevelt is on his Dakota Ranch.

—When Houghton, Mifflin & Co. declared the John W. Lovell Co. to have violated the rights of Mr. Longfellow's heirs by publishing 'Hyperion,' the latter firm brought a libel suit against them for \$25,000 damages. On trial it was shown that the Lovell cheap reprint was not a verbatim reproduction of the uncopyrighted edition of 1839, but contained changes of the original text. Accordingly on Wednesday last Judge Ingraham, of this city, directed a verdict for Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the poet's authorized publishers.

—In the February *Century* Mr. James's serial, 'The Bostonians,' will come to an end and Mr. Howells's new story, 'The Minister's Charge,' begin. Mr. Frank R. Stockton will also begin a serial, in two parts, called 'A Borrowed Month.' Gen. Grant's paper on the Wilderness Campaign—one of his most important contributions to the history of the War—will appear in this number.

—A new edition of Mr. Cross's *Life of George Eliot* has just come from the press of Harper & Brothers, with an appendix giving new and important information relating to the subject of George Eliot's change of religious belief in 1841-42, and recollections of the Coventry period of her life.

—Scribner & Welford have ready a second edition of Lord Lindsay's *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, in two volumes, which is exactly like the first, his widow preferring to leave the work as her husband left it rather than have it revised by another hand.

—Roberts Bros. have in preparation and will shortly publish three posthumous volumes by Helen Jackson ('H. H.'). They are *'Glimpses of Three Coasts' ('Bits of Travel' in California and Oregon, Scotland and England, and Norway, Denmark and Germany, partly new and partly reprinted from The Atlantic and The Century); 'Verses,' Second Series, (a collection including everything of importance written by Mrs. Jackson since the publication of her first volume); and 'Between Whiles.'* 'Did anybody ever publish a volume of short stories called "Between Whiles?"' wrote Mrs. Jackson last summer, in a postscript to a letter to her publisher. 'If not, hide it away and don't tell anybody, and by next spring I will have had enough short stories printed to make a nice summer volume.'

—Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming has never been more interesting than in her two volumes of *'Wanderings in China.'* She begins by describing a Christmas in Hong Kong, and then gallops along at a rattling pace, sending letters back over her track in which she gives the most minute and feminine descriptions of the strange sights seen along the way.

—Two volumes of the prose and verse of Wm. Maginn, the famous editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, have just appeared in London. Maginn was an exceptionally clever man, but of too convivial a nature to buckle down to hard work. He wrote many brilliant papers, as these volumes show, and he might have earned a handsome living, but he preferred to live his own wild life and died an object of charity.

—N. Tibbals & Sons announce the publication of *'Romish Teachings in the Protestant Churches,'* by an anonymous author.

—By the burning of a bookbindery, a few days ago, all the sheets of the *édition de luxe* of *'Sport with Gun and Rod,'* except a few which had been removed, were destroyed. The edition cannot be duplicated.

—The performance of *'Lohengrin'* is the best the American Opera Company has yet given, notwithstanding the fact that this is the most exacting opera in their repertoire. While the orchestra is unsurpassed in this country, the choruses are well sung, the volume of sound and the precision of intonation being remarkable in so new an organization. Except the performance of *'Lohengrin'* first given here by Nilsson, Cary, Campanini, Maurel and Del Puente—all in their prime—we have had none better as a whole than that given by the American Company. Of the soloists Miss Juch is a satisfactory Elsa, Whitney a capable king, and Mme. Hastreiter an admirable Ortrud.

—In March the Messrs. Putnam will begin the publication of a monthly journal to be called *The International Record of Charities and Correction*, and to be devoted to 'the discussion of all questions relating to the care and treatment of the unfortunate and criminal classes, in all their varied aspects—humanitarian, economic, scientific, governmental less and practical.' Its price will be \$1 a year.

—'Aliquis' suggests to the editor of the *Times* that the word 'kill' (channel) should be spelt with one 'l,' and that Arthur Kill, the name of the channel behind Staten Island, is probably a corruption of the Dutch *Achter Kil*, which would mean simply the back or rear channel.

—In reference to the statement claiming that Mrs. Burnett's story, *'Much Ado,'* which was published by the McClure syndicate of newspapers, was written some years ago, Dr. Burnett writes to Mr. McClure that 'the story was completed only a week before it came into your possession, and was begun, I believe, less than two years ago.'

—To the *February Magazine of American History*, in which there is an illustrated paper on Albany, General de Peyster contributes a study of 'Mad Anthony' Wayne.

—'The international copyright question,' says the *Star*, 'is to have another airing this winter. Considering the number of years this matter has been suffered to remain in an unsatisfactory state it is high time that something was done with it.'

There is no revenue involved in permitting an Englishman to sell his brains to an American publisher, or in permitting an American to sell his brains to an English publisher. The fair thing is so obvious that there ought to be no further difficulty in acting upon it.

—Harper & Bros. will issue next week in their *Student's Series* a special edition of the text of Westcott and Hort's Greek New Testament in one volume giving the material of the second volume in condensed form. At the same time they will publish *'Upland and Meadow, a Poetquissings Chronicle,'* by C. C. Abbott, author *'A Naturalist's Rambles about Home,'* and a *'History of Modern Europe,'* from the capture of Constantinople, 1453, to the treaty of Berlin, 1878. By Richard Lodge.

—*The New York Lodge, Club and Association Record* is a new monthly, 'devoted to the interests of all organizations, whatever their nature'—the F. and A. M., I.O.O.F., K. of P., A.L. of H., etc., being treated with equal consideration. The paper is brimful of names, addresses, mystic monograms and cabalistic badges; and a good part of it is printed in German.

—The American Journal of Philology maintains its reputation for high scholarship and hospitality. The number for October 1885 contains an important paper by Prof. W. D. Whitney, 'On the Sixth and Seventh Aorist Forms in Sanskrit,' a paper by Prof. Robinson Ellis on Vol. II. of Kock's *'Cornicorum Atticorum Fragmenta,'* and 'Vowel-Length in Old-English,' by Prof. A. S. Cook, besides numerous, important, and accurate reviews of new books and editions and reports of the contents of the language-journals.

—Messrs. Meehan send us No. 14 of their new series of catalogues, showing the titles of four or five hundred of the ancient and modern books contained in their *'Olde Booke Shoppe,'* Bath, England.

—The Boston monthly *Paper and Press* prints in its January number a portrait and sketch of Mark Willcox, the paper-maker, whose family have been engaged in the same business and at the same place (Ivy Mills, Delaware Co., Pa.), since 1729—a period of 155 years. This is said to be the oldest business house of any description in the United States. We should not be astonished if it were.

—The Comte G. de Contades has been looking up the pedigree and life history of Alphonsine Plessis, the original of Marguerite Gautier, Dumas's *'La Dame aux Camélias,'* and the result of his researches appears, with a family-tree and a sketch of the woman's early home, in the December *Livre*.

—Of Unwin's Annual, *'The Broken Shaft,'* which bears in this country the imprint of Appleton, *The Spectator* says:—With the exception of *'Riley, M.P.,'* which is, we suppose, meant for fun, and which appears to us unmitigated rubbish, this Annual is a collection of very clever stories, including one that is really brilliant—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *'Markham,'* which might take rank with some of the best of Hawthorne's. *'The Upper Berth,'* by Mr. Marion Crawford, is one of the most effective ghost-stories ever imagined; while Mr. Anstey's *'Marjory,'* has great simplicity, beauty, and force in it—a kind of merit in which hitherto Mr. Anstey has not excelled. Mr. Pollock's *'Last Act'* has some tragic force; Mr. Archer's *'Nihilist'* story is very effective; and Mr. Norman's *'Love and Lightning'* has great originality of plot. Altogether, the little collection of tales is a remarkable one.

—Such phrases as *'subacutely amazed'* and *'a rayonnant circle,'* says *The Athenæum* in noticing Craddock's *'Prophet,'* have an air of affectation which goes badly with the vigorous freshness of a story which would be as good as one of Mr. Bret Harte's if it were not quite so long.

—The learned gypsy Franz Sztorka, who lives in Uszod, has just completed a dictionary of the language of the Hungarian gypsies. The Archduke Joseph has undertaken to print the work, and also a volume of Sztorka's dialect poems, at his own cost.

—The copy of Charles Lamb's recently-discovered fairy-tale in verse, *'Beauty and the Beast,'* which was sold, says *The Academy*, 'by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on December 18, fetched 11l.' A third copy, also (like the two others) wanting the title, has recently been discovered by Mr. Tickell. Of this Mr. George Redway proposes to issue forthwith a reprint, limited to one hundred copies, and uniform with his edition of Edgar Poe's *'Tamerlane.'* It will be edited by Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, who edited Lamb's *'Poetry for Children'* and *'Prince Dorus'* in 1877, and whose paper on the present discovery in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, together with Mr. Pearson's

three letters, published almost simultaneously in a contemporary [*The Athenaeum*], first drew public attention to this interesting treasure-trove.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance.]

Caron, P. French Dishes for American Tables, \$1. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.
Clarke, J. F. Ten Great Religions, 2 vols., \$4. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Crocker, W. A. Studies in the Prophecy of Daniel. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Pub'g House.
Davidson, J. W. The Correspondent, 60 c. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.
Elting, I. Dutch Village Communities. Johns Hopkins University Studies, 50 c. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Frank, H. The Skeleton and the Rose. N. Y.: Brentano Bros.
Froude, J. F. Oceana; or, England and Her Colonies, \$2.50. N. Y.: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Genone, H. Inquiring Island, \$1.50. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gerhard, W. P. Sanitary House Inspection. N. Y.: J. Wiley & Sons.
Greene, B. Reflections and Modern Maxims, 75 c. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Griffs, W. E. Rutgers Graduates in Japan. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.

Household Receipts, 25 c. Boston: J. Burnett & Co.
Jacob Schuyler's Millions, 50 c. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.
Jackson, H. Zeph, \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Kennard, N. H. Rachel, \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Ludlow, H. W. Memoir of M. A. Longstreth, \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Lyman, H. M. Insomnia. Chicago: W. T. Keener.
M. F. A. Hampton Institute: 1868 to 1885. Hampton, Va. Normal School Press.
Montgomery, G. E. Sidney Woollett: The Record of His Career. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Morison, J. C. Madame de Maintenon, 50 c. N. Y.: Scribner & Welford.
Morris, E. E. Early Hanoverians, \$1. N. Y.: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Olliphant, Mrs. The Fugitives. N. Y.: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.
Our Little Ann, by Author of Tip Cat, etc., \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.
O'Meara, K. Madame Mohl, \$2.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
People and Preachers, by a Layman, \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Porter, C. T. Mechanics and Faith, \$1.50. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ruskin, J. R. Præterita, Chapters VI. and VII. N. Y.: John Wiley & Sons.
Sankey, C. The Spartan and Theban Supremacies, \$1. N. Y.: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Seeley, J. R. Napoleon the First, \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Sully, J. Elements of Psychology, 25 c. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.
Tolstoi, L. War and Peace, 2 vols., \$1.75 each. N. Y.: W. S. Gottsberger.
Tolstoi, L. War and Peace, 2 vols., 25 c. each. N. Y.: Harper & Bros.
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